

Silent Worker

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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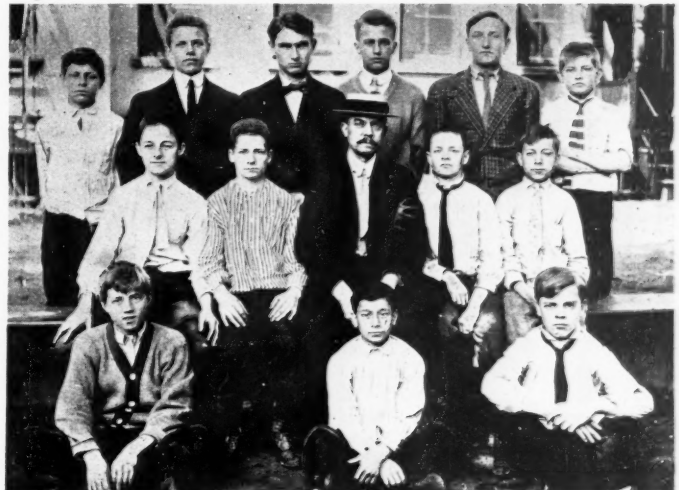
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THE DEAF PRINTER

[From the Inland Printer]



PRINTING DEPARTMENT—NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF



A CLASS IN PRINTING—NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF



HIS letter is written with the hope that it may in some respects, if not in many, enlighten the hearing printer, regarding his deaf brothers of the case.

The writer hopes that this letter will help remove the barriers to the employment of deaf printers, too; at least make them easier. Printers do not want to employ deaf printers when they can obtain hearing ones, which is only natural. But why this discrimination against the more unfortunate? The only straightforward answer ever given to this question, in which truth is visible, is "he is deaf!"

Deaf printers as a rule are not very good in their command of English, especially when it comes to carrying on a conversation with pad and pencil. The deaf printer realizes this, and generally prefers to get to work in the beginning, instead of carrying on a conversation, which only endangers his chances of obtaining the position he seeks. Why so? Because most hearing printers are good conversationalists and are generally fair writers. So the employing hearing printer can not understand how a deaf printer, who writes such a jargon of broken-up English, can handle the trade in an intelligent and workmanlike manner. This is where the deaf, especially the deaf printer, is not comprehended. Why such inexcusable ignorance on the part of the hearing printer? His ignorance is no doubt passable, but his discrimination is not.

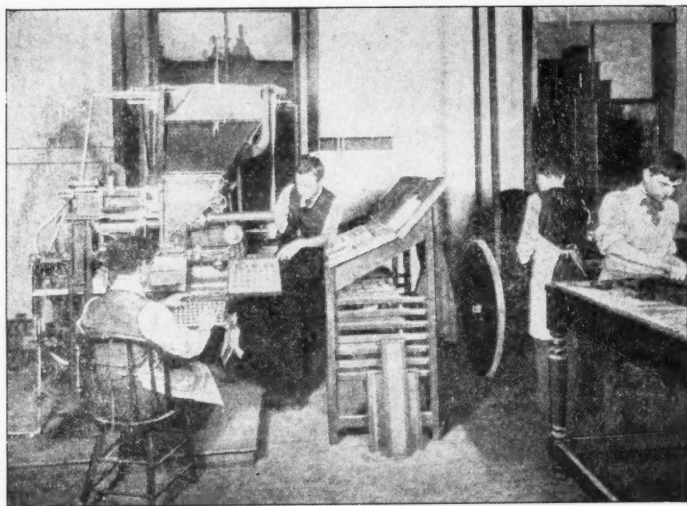
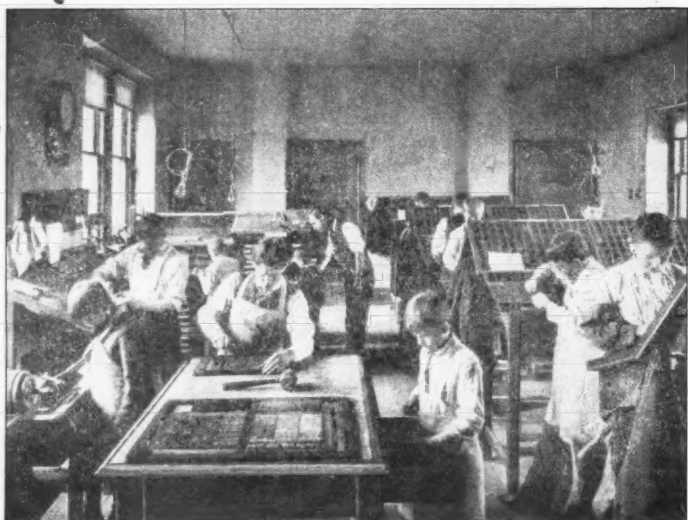
Deaf printers can not be classed with the female compositors. The deaf generally have served their apprenticeship, and have not stolen the trade like the former. If the employing printer only took this into consideration, he probably would give the deaf applicant a fair trial at the work. The deaf prin-



A JOB COMPOSITOR—N. J. SCHOOL

ter on the average, memorizes the essential points of his trade. He has to do this, as a good command of English that he could rely upon is denied him. Why? This is one of the most difficult questions to answer. The answer would fill a volume. There is hardly a more perplexing and difficult task, than to give a deaf-mute while at school a good work-

ing command of English, as required by some employers. It would be as easy to teach a wooden Indian to talk. So I maintain a deaf printer memorizes his trade, as it is his only recourse. In his ten years or more of apprenticeship under competent instructors he has been well grounded in the use of the punctuation-marks. His memorization of the construction of English and its different forms, and his alert brain tells him what punctuation-mark is required. This sounds kind of unpalatable, as most deaf-mute printers are unable to construct a good paragraph of English prose of their own. But, why such a difference? Pray, why does an apple fall? This tact—it probably could be better defined as a knack—comes naturally to the deaf printer, just like the apple falls in nature's course. This knack of the deaf printer, in being able to use the punctuation-mark with as much exactness as a master of rhetoric, is due to his years of concentration on details pertaining to his trade. To make this point more clear, take journeymen of other trades, who can fashion and manufacture artistic conceptions that take rank with the foremost, yet they do not use the tools nor instruments that are generally used in the trade, because they did not understand their use. It is the same with the average deaf-mute printer. He generally does not know how to construct grammatical English in written form himself, but when it is put before him written out he knows how to use the punctuation-marks with exactness, simply form a kind of instinct that comes from concentration, coupled with tact and memorization. So, don't let the deaf-mute's application, made up of a jargon of broken English, deter you from giving him a fair trial at least. If a foreigner came to you and got you to understand that he could print, you probably



PRINTING DEPARTMENT—MT. AIRY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

would give him a fair trial, just because he is a foreigner and you can not understand his language. I insist that the deaf-mute is a foreigner to the hearing class in this country in almost every respect. He is not comprehended in an intelligent manner by the hearing. This is the deaf-mute's greatest drawback in his fight for advancement and a square deal, and what make it all the harder is that he is in nowise to blame. Surely the printers, who are considered the most intelligent of any working class, are not going to discriminate because of lack of comprehension?

Before I take up the deaf pressman, a word aside might serve its purpose. Eminent doctors, from research and study, and other philosophers of humanity have proven it to be a fact that if a healthy person loses or is deprived of one or more of his senses, that the physical force originally intended for these lost senses is not wasted, but turns with all its vitality and force to the nourishment of the other sense, and by this readoption, the remaining senses are greatly increased in their different capacities. Examples are unnecessary for the above, as it can easily be discerned and proven.

A deaf-mute by the loss of hearing and at times of speech, gains in his other senses, especially the sense of feeling and seeing. Did you ever know that it is not necessary to cross the composing-room and touch a deaf printer to gain his attention? All that you need to do



HARRY STEWART SMITH
Job Compositor, Gowdy Simmons Printing Co.,
Colorado Springs, Colo.
Graduate of the New Jersey School

is stamp on the floor that he is standing on, or pound on what he is leaning against and he will instantly "feel you." He really does not

hear the sound, because it is impossible for him to do so, as the average deaf person's ear-drums are useless. He feels the noise! Owing to the high tension of his sense of feeling, he is able to do this. This can be easily proven. The deaf printer's seeing is highly developed, like his feeling sense.

Employing printers do not need to fear that if they give a deaf pressman charge of a press, that he is liable to ruin it if anything goes wrong. The deaf pressman is just as liable to know of the accident and as quick to remedy it as a hearing one. He feels, instead of hears, the slightest jolt or noise that is in any way unusual, and thus stops the press immediately to investigate. His highly developed sight, which generally also serves the purpose of his ears, is much quicker than a hearing person's in catching anything the least particular within visionary range. And as he uses his eyes to guard himself every minute of the day and night, they are always on guard and take in much quicker anything that can be seen, which would not be the case with a hearing printer, who generally lets his ears do the work of his eyes and the latter vice versa. So, if anything went wrong with a press, I maintain that a deaf pressman can see it quicker than a hearing one.

The deaf, especially the printers, have a highly developed instinct, too. This instinct is very useful in a composing-room, when a



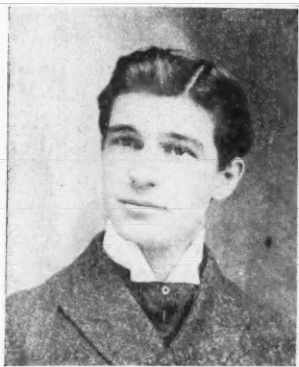
WALLACE COOK
Job Compositor, Curtis Publishing Co.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Graduate of the New Jersey School.



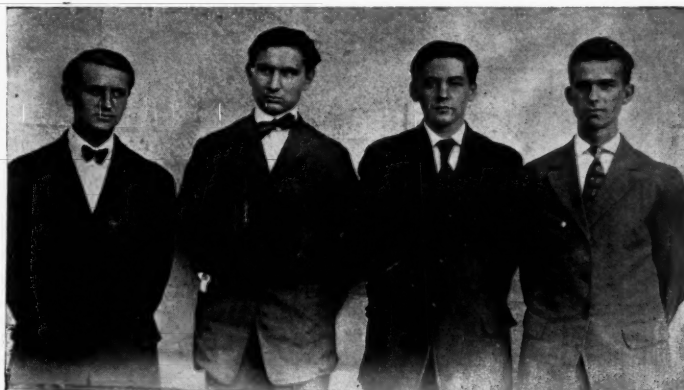
CHARLES T. HUMMER
Job Compositor, Datz & Co., Jersey City, N. J.
Graduate of the New Jersey School.



MARWIN HUNT
Job Compositor, University Press, Princeton, N. J.
Graduate of the New Jersey School.



DAVID SIMMONS,
Rahway, N. J.
Graduate of the New Jersey School



LINOTYPE OPERATORS FROM THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL



A. Richman (Lino. operator.) Altona, P

large press is throbbing with life, and the deaf printer is wanted at the other end of the room. The deaf printer generally has his eyes on the work in hand and can not feel the noise that the hearing printer is making to attract his attention; but most people never make a noise to attract the attention of the deaf, they generally stare and wave their hands. How is it that the deaf printer, in ninety-five cases out of a hundred, generally looks up when a hand is waved at him a couple of times. What is it tells him that he is wanted? It is nothing else than the "deaf man's instinct!" The writer of this article would not believe that he had such a well-developed instinct, but by putting himself to the test more than once, he firmly maintains that the deaf have an instinct all their own.

The writer earnestly hopes that this letter, which is a rather tart but truthful one, in every respect, may serve its purpose—make it easier for the deaf printer to get employment.

TOM J. BLAKE.

ECHART MINES, MD., Oct. 7, 1911.



PAUL KEES
Monotype Operator, Newark, N. J.
Graduate of the New Jersey School

NOTE—Accompanying this article we present a number of illustrations to help bear out the claims of Mr. Tom Blake, that the deaf printer, if given a chance to demonstrate his abilities, does give satisfaction. The portraits given are taken from our stock of cuts and represent only a few of the hundreds of other successful deaf compositors, linotype and monotype operators, pressmen and feeders, scattered all over the country. It often happens, and we know it to be a fact, that where one deaf man has given satisfaction to his employers, requests for more deaf men are made. One firm once declared he would fill his place with deaf printers if he could get them.

It is true that now and then you will find incompetent deaf printers, just as you will meet with incompetent hearing ones, but the "failures" are small compared to the number of successes. It is hard some times to convince hearing people that the deaf can do things.—PUB. WORKER.

FROM THE PHILIPPINES

[Belated Letter From Mrs. Rice Tells about the School for the Deaf and Blind.—The Walled City—Dreams of American Chicken and Pie—Entertaining an Ohio Deaf visitor—What a Typhoon did.]

MANY old friends have seen Manila through my eyes, and the *Chronicle* has had a small glimpse of our magnificent trip. One great thing here will be of interest to all,—the school for the Deaf-Blind, founded by Delight Rice, now Mrs. R. G. Webber.

The building was once a Spanish medical college. It is large and low, with delightfully cool, long, airy rooms, large front veranda with many hanging baskets and flowers everywhere, and beautiful well-kept lawn and gardens. Each child has a separate bed covered with a pretty net. Each one makes his and her own bed, even the blind. The children's work changes every month. The girls are taught sewing and lace-making. They are beautiful workers. The mending done by a girl seven years old would make an experienced sewer in Ohio feel ashamed. The boys are taught barbering ('tis barbaria here) and carpenter work. They are also taught to wash dishes and assist in the kitchen, dining-room and garden. The children are mostly barefooted. Boys wear trousers that reach to the ankles and shirts (called camisas) outside their trousers. They are in color brown, with jet black eyes and black straight hair. The hair grows faster than its owner. These



MRS. R. G. WEBBER
Principal of the Manila School

Filipino children are very bright and are very anxious to learn. They have a goodly number of questions and it is sometimes necessary to think twice before giving an answer, or they may spring a surprise on you for answering

wrong. The youngest blind boy is everybody's pet. He is five years old and has been in school less than a week and knows everybody and finds his way everywhere.

Bernardo, the baby deaf boy, is also a pet. He can recite by signs more nursery rhymes than an American child ever knew. His teacher has a time for nursery rhymes recited by signs in concert, and Bernardo stands up in front of the class and leads. The scene is very cute. The same system is used for the blind as in the American schools. The deaf have various grades and studies about like those in America. School hours are longer. Mrs. Webber teaches the two highest classes.

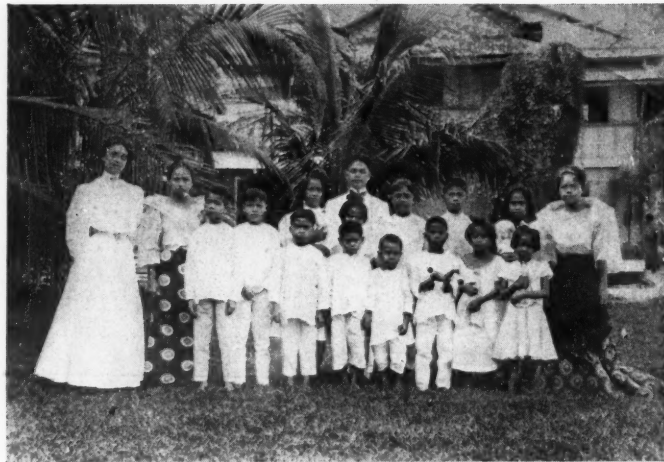
All classes, and in fact the entire management of the school, rests upon her. The children worship her and are ever ready to obey. It is a very interesting place, but needs much more money, and needs the confidence of the parents. These natives are very superstitious. One day they put a child in school, and return the next for it, saying they heard the children are to be taken to America and sold. It is an easy task to teach the child. It is an impossibility to teach the parents.

Across from the school are two very old gates leading into the Walled City. The walls are in places very high; the buildings are of stone and concrete; there is no yard,—the whole city is a solid mass of buildings with narrow streets and sidewalks one foot wide. Very few Americans live in the Walled City.

The churches are 300 years old, and most



MANILA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB



A GROUP OF MRS. WEBBER'S PUPILS

beautiful inside. All are Catholic. Each church has many private chapels and the dead are buried under the floors and in the walls. The walls around the city are enormously thick and contain dungeons used under the Spanish rule.

Outside of the Walled City are miles of beautiful driveways, and American homes more beautiful than those found in America. Acres of land are built up thick with nipa houses, the homes of the natives. Our drives are always delightful, and we find something new daily. The wonders here never cease and one never grows tired. Every day in the year the weather is five degrees too warm. Our nights are deliciously cool.

When we return to God's own country, the land of the free and home of the brave, we will want chicken with fat on them, and pie. I can see myself eating pie. Another piece, please. Another small piece, if you have

plenty. Just now I can see Dr. Patterson grin over strawberry shortcake. How angry we feel!

We are now entertaining Sylvia Riley, a former oral pupil in the Ohio School. His father, a commissary servant, has been stationed at Jolo two years. Sylvia has seen lots of the Moros, the Sultan and his twenty wives. He is too young to fully comprehend all he has seen. His father is now in Manila ready to be sent to the States on the June transport. Sylvia is seeing Manila with Freeman Rice. He remembers Mr. Jones and Mr. Patterson, and was tickled when I handed him a few copies of the *Chronicle*. They will likely be located in Kansas. He has been away from the deaf so long that he has lost track of the sign language.

Just as schools in the States close, they open here. As you turn to the right, we turn to the left. I got lots of bumps. The rainy season

will soon begin. We were warned last Saturday to prepare for a typhoon. It hit Cavite, seven miles south of us, Sunday, and sank a boat and seven lives were lost. We live 100 yards from Manila Bay. House open on three sides. We watched for a look at a real typhoon, and got more than a glimpse. The wind blew like a hurricane. The heavens opened its gates with a bright sun shining. It did not rain. It just poured. We got a shower bath dressed in linen and standing in the parlor, and the water was free. It was the first free thing I have seen in Manila. Our roof seemed a sieve. It is now Friday and we are damp yet.

Taal volcano is 50 miles north. The eruption was awful. Losses of life and property terrible. Our beds rocked. Fine ashes all over our looking glasses and toilet tables. The heavens were lit as by a great fire. We are warned of another eruption.—*Chronicle*.

California Kaleidoscope

THERE is, perhaps, no city in the United States that offers so much of interest as does Los Angeles. Let us, however, accept the name broadly, and include the city's suburbs; for we are not after increasing the census, but desirous to absorb things of genuine interest. The city is cosmopolitan to a greater degree, I think, than New York. Tourists passing along the streets come face to face again and again with people from every land. Even the terrible Turk with all his blood-suggesting Oriental make-up, is to be met. The Greek, the Hindu, the American Indian, the rat-and-cat-fed Chinese, gentlemen from the Friendly Islands, Esquimaux, Japs, the Rus, the Dutchman, Hottentots, Frenchmen, Mexicans, children of the Ghetto, and men of the hue of Jack Johnson—all are to be found.

A few days ago the entire Pacific Squadron, consisting of twenty-six warships, lay at anchor off San Pedro, which is the harbor of Los Angeles. Scarcely had the ships sailed away when Galbraith Rodgers arrived in Pasadena, after having crossed the continent in his airship. As I was walking along Spring street the other day a young man in Khaki passed me, leading a dog. He carried knapsack and staff, and a score of medals bedecked his person. The next day the papers explained his appearance. His name is Rath. He was a St. Louis newsboy, and at the age of fourteen set out to walk 500,000 miles in eighteen years! He is now on his last lap around the world, having covered 480,000

miles, and is two years ahead of his schedule. If he completes the task he will receive \$30,000 from the St. Louis Club. Three weeks ago the annual Santa Monica road race took place. Some of the big cars made one hundred miles an hour. About the same time four warships were anchored in the bay, and an airship circled over them. This called to mind Tenyson's prophecy, written nearly one hundred years ago:

For I dip into the future far as human eye could see,

Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,

Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew,

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

* * * * *

Till the war-drums throbb'd no longer and the battle-flags were furled,

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

How good the last line sounds! When every human being can be taken for his worth, when the tyranny of capitalism shall be no more, and all may enjoy the gifts of Nature equally. Money rules California to a greater degree than it does any other state. Socialism is fighting it, and while there is a great deal in Socialism that I approve, it seems to me

that there is too much of the dream about it.

The crack tennis players of the Pacific coast play here in frequent tournaments. I have seen playing, all the same day, such famous players as May Sutton and her sisters, Maurice McLaughlin, now on his way with Larned and Wright to Australia to play for the Davis cup; Tom Bundy who came so near landing at the top at Newport two years ago, Fanny Browne, Winnie Mace, and other celebrated racket wielders. Their playing is superb, and at times, wonderful. Without knowing the relative merits of the players, when I saw them on the courts I picked McLaughlin, the young, red-headed San Francisco boy as the probable coming champion. My judgment was not far wrong, for he worked his way to the finals the past year, and had the honor of meeting Larned at Newport. Larned beat him, but no one has vanquished Larned. May Sutton dissapoints you in one thing, she is not a strenuous player, nor a hard hitter, but she has a way of landing the ball with unerring accuracy, and at the very spot where her opponent cannot reach it. She defeats her challengers with ease. True, she lost at Niagara last July to Hazel Hotchkiss. But was it a defeat? Miss Sutton had taken the first set with ease, and was walking away with the second, when something happened that caused her to lose her temper. She lost all control of herself and threw away her title. She has beaten Miss Hotchkiss twice. One of the Sutton girls lives here. May lives in Pasadena.

Those who attend the moving picture shows are familiar with California dramas, beach

scenes, and Wild West escapades. It may interest them to learn that most of the pictures are made in this vicinity. Hardly a week passes that some film company is not at work with this beach, or the mountain near here, for the background. Sometimes the acting is too realistic. Several times lives have been nearly sacrificed in the surf, or in the pursuance of dare-devil cowboy play. For instance, during a roping scene on the beach recently, after the lariat had come down over the cowgirl as she was speeding away, her pony became frightened and she fell. The cowboy's pony then took fright, and the helpless girl was dragged for some distance and fearfully injured.

Next comes the only too frequent settling of supremacy in the prize ring, for out at Vernon the lightweights and the featherweights have it out—each with his kind, about every two weeks. At present Ad Wolgast and the English lightweight, Freddie Welsh, are training for their fight on Turkey Day, Little Joe Rivers, the hope of Spain, is working away to retrieve his lost laurels, and is to meet a bulldog-faced gentleman named Conley about the eighteenth of this month.

But I must not forget the pleasure in store for the snobs and prigs of society. The much-married Nat Goodwin, whose home is here on the water-front, is soon to meet his one-time ootsy-tootsy, the divine Edna Goodrich, and settle their little differences in the Courts. Nat tells us that his business is no body else's business, and why can't the public let him alone—him and his friends?

Now I am going to end with a rhyme of my own, for in it I have tried to express my inner opinion of all this hurry-flurry life of today:

LET US GO BACK:

An after-thought on the Auto races.

(Published in the Santa Monica Outlook)

A roar—a thrill! The thing has passed,
The demon of the road;
Nor is man content that it goes so fast
With its daring human load.

"A mile-a-minute," you say. Look there—
A mile in fifty-three!
Another roar—a flash in air—
Good Lord, they mangled be!

And man has bled, and man has died,
And suffered the pains of fire,
To open the way that wins today
And to further a mad desire.

They have conquered the earth and the farthest
sea,
They have mounted the vaulted blue,
And what will be left for you and me
When they cut the continents through?

A roar—a thrill! The thing has passed,
The demon of the road;
Nor is man content that it goes so fast
With its daring human load.

Our fathers lived, and our fathers died,
Nor dreamed of the things today—
The ironclad, the flying ship,
The demon that speeds away.

They have conquered the earth and the farthest
sea,
They have mounted the vaulted blue,
And what will be left for you and me
When they cut the continents through?

And when, at last, we have heard and seen
Till we sicken and sigh for rest;
When all we have done,
And all we have won

No longer impart their zest,
Let us go back to the days that have been,
When Truth and Nature were best!

HOWARD L. TERRY.
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.



By James H. Cloud, 2606 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

MR. PAUL LANGE, of the faculty of the Wisconsin School for the Deaf, ably conducts a department in *Wisconsin Times* under the heading of "From Foreign Shores." In a recent issue of the *Times* Mr. Lange gave space in his department to a communication in *The Messenger* from the Rev. Arnold Hill Payne, of England. The article by Rev. Mr. Payne is opportune and of such unusual interest and importance that we reproduce it below with Mr. Lange's introductory comment:

The following letter by Rev. Arnold Hill Payne, the writer of the article on the deaf in the new Encyclopaedia Britannica in criticism of a paper by Dr. Kerr Love, an eminent physician appeared in the May-June number of the *Messenger*.

Mr. Payne is himself the son of deaf parents and as a life-long user of signs is well qualified to speak on the subject, while Dr. Kerr Love is one of the foremost champions of the pure oral method in England and like many other advocates of that method presumes to know more than he does:

To the Editors of the *Messenger*:

SIRS—In the January number of a contemporary appears a paper by Dr. Kerr Love, to which I crave your kind premission to reply.

If the doctor had confined his remarks to the only business of the medical man—the care of existing, and the prevention of future disease—no one could take exception to his action. But when he states that he speaks "from the view-point of the teacher" of the deaf as of the physician, and further, proceeds to lecture upon the language of signs, I feel constrained to ask him two questions—(1) What experience has he had of teaching the deaf? (2) What knowledge does he possess of the sign language?

Dr. Kerr Love confuses voice with speech. For instance he says, "Let us be quite clear that speech is the natural language of man." Now, voice is natural, an inarticulate cry is natural, but speech is not. Man was given a voice; he himself arranged the different articulate sounds of the voice which constitute speech. Speech is an almost entirely conventional thing; and only a very, very few words, called onomatopoeic words, "with resemblance in sound to that of the thing signified, as 'click,' 'cuckoo'" (Dictionary), can be called natural. If speech were natural I could speak to everybody I meet in the world, be he a Russian, Chinaman, Laplander or what not, and he would understand me. But he cannot.

Moreover, speech is not language, nor a language, natural or otherwise. Speech, like writing, printing, and finger-spelling is merely one particular method by which a language can be communicated. English, French, German, Italian, etc., are concrete languages. Speech, printing, writing, finger-spelling, are all means of expressing these languages, and nothing more. I am aware that the word "language" is derived from the Latin *lingua*, "a tongue," and that one meaning the dictionary assigns to it

is "human speech;" but the meaning of language, strictly speaking, is that which is expressed by speech as well as by writing, etc., and not the mere articulate use of the tongue, namely speech, in itself. Signs, on the other hand, are a language in themselves.

Again, Dr. Kerr Love says, "Speech is the silver bridge over which the thought of man has come to travel. When an adult becomes deaf, this bridge is broken at its further end, is best repaired by using the eye for the lost ear." Very well; which appeals best to the eye (not the ear)—speech on the one hand, or writing, print, finger-spelling or signs on the other?

"In congenital deafness," the doctor continues, "the whole bridge has to be laboriously built without the aid of the architect—the sense of hearing. If less worthy material than speech be put into the structure, the passage of thought is impeded." Now, if speech itself be the bridge, you cannot put any other material but speech into it, and again we have confusion of terms and thought. For nothing but speech is speech. But if by "bridge" he meant "any means of communication," and Dr. Kerr Love means that writing, printing, finger-spelling and singing are less worthy means of communication than speech, and that by these "two passage of thought is impeded," I leave it all to who can read and write to say if this is true of the first two methods of conversing I have enumerated, and to those who can finger-spell to say if it is true of the third. I shall myself reply on behalf of signs. The position I have to defend, remember, is not even that signs are of primary value for teaching English, I have always maintained and am perfectly prepared to maintain again, but merely whether they are less a satisfactory "bridge" for "thought" to "travel" over than "speech"—I should say "than English," whether expressed by speech or by other means.

The natural language of man is natural gesture with articulate cries. Or, if you wish to make two languages of them, natural gestures and inarticulate cries are the two natural languages of man.

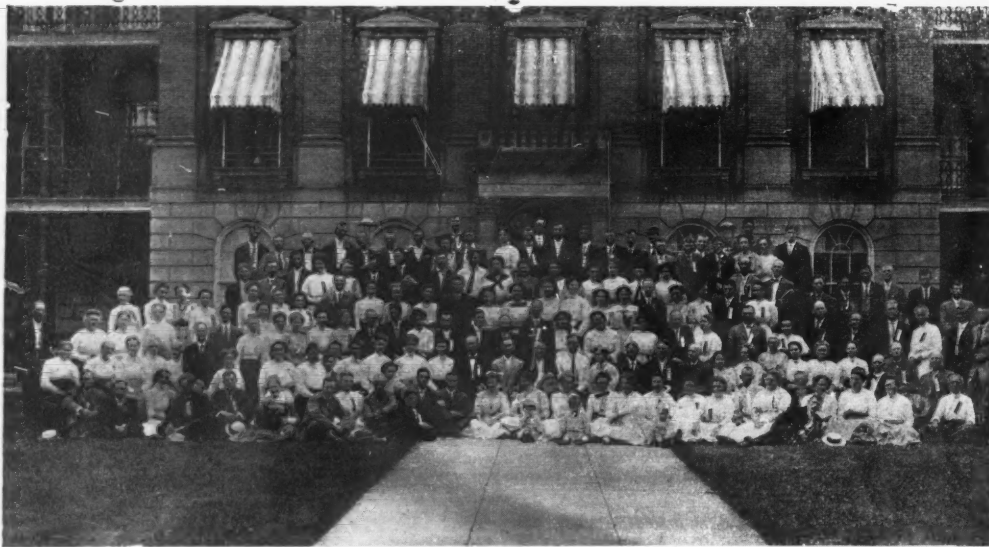
But the use of the voice was not developed along natural but conventional lines. The baby calls certain animals "moos" and "bow-wows" at first. This is natural. There is an obvious connection between the words and the animals themselves. But later on he is taught that they are "cows" and "dogs." This is not a natural development but artificial instruction. And in the same way the whole English language is by this time so completely conventionalized that all trace of the natural connection between the words and the things signified has been entirely lost (except in the case of onomatopoeic words, already noticed), and by no stretch of the imagination can be called a natural language in its present form.

Signs, on the other hand, were developed naturally, and are even now a natural language, with the exception of a very few conventional signs, and even these are infinitely more natural than English or any other verbal language. But any faculty will become atrophied from want of use. That is why the pure oral teacher is so often unable to comprehend signs which the stupidest pupil in his class can follow with ease.

Well, since verbal languages have become by this time almost entirely conventional, the sign language is the only remaining natural language of everybody.

And in the case of the deaf it is the only natural language he ever possessed, for it is the only one by which nature prompts him to make his wants known.

If Dr. Kerr Love would spend an hour signing for a lost traveling-case in a foreign country, and even then fail to get it, his natural faculty for signing is completely atrophied, and he ought not to lecture others on signs. I have never failed to get anything I wanted on the continent by means thereof, and even when I was in Germany, where they do not use gestures as in France and Italy, procured such unusual things as chamois leather, methylated spirits, brass polish, etc., by means of the Sign Language alone.



JOINT CONVENTION OF THE ILLINOIS STATE AND ALUMNI ASSOCIATION AT JACKSONVILLE, JUNE 15-19
Photographed by Fawcner.

I have talked by signs with deaf men from all parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and the United States, from Canada, France, Italy, Russia, Poland and Norway, on any topic that might crop up, exactly as I would with a hearing man by means of English. I wish I had space here to go into details of actual conversations. If a hearing man can understand what Dr. Kerr Love tells him by speech I will guarantee to make a deaf man of equal intelligence understand it by signs.

Only those who have used two languages indifferently the whole of thier lives, so as to be abso-a position to judge between them. Anyone else must be prejudiced in favor of the one which he knew from the first—from his babyhood.

That Dr. Kerr Love, who obviously knows nothing about the Sign Language, should express any opinion about it is regrettable. That he should lecture on it in public is more so. But most of all to be deplored is his misrepresentation of facts. That this is unintentional does not excuse him; he ought to learn the facts first. He creates the impression that signs are a poor means of conversing. Signs are, apparently, "less worthy material" than speech as a mode of expressing thought. Signs are a "reversion." (I wonder what an actor would say if he knew his art was called a "reversion!" Yet acting is only a part of the sign language.) Dr. Kerr Love mentions signs and scratching in the same breath. They are a "language of necessity forced on impaired or uneducated human nature."

Now, I know something of signs. I have conversed all my life by the Sign Language and by the English language, indifferently. I am as used to the one as to the other. I preach now by English to hearing congregations and by signs to deaf ones. And I tell Dr. Kerr Love in all sincerity, with all the emphasis at my command, with all the weight that a life-long knowledge of both languages can give my words, *tha I can express myself more easily by the sign language than I can by the English.*

Remember, the point is merely that signs are in themselves every whit as perfect a "bridge" over which "thought" *does as a mater of fact* "travel" as English. To say or to imply in any way that this is not so is as grotesque as it would be for me to deny that a doctor can set a broken leg. *It does as a matter of fact*, and not of opinion, *happen every day of my life.* There is no room for diversity of opinion here.

There are many other points I should like to notice, but I dare not encroach further on your space.

Dr. Kerr Love has no more right to forbid the teacher the use of any means of teaching the deaf English than I have to take an instrument out of the doctor's hands. He has still less right to lecture them on signs or on how to teach. What would

he think of me if I lectured the members of the medical profession on how to cure disease and consequent deafness?

I earnestly appeal to Dr. Kerr Love to consider whether a member of a noble profession cannot employ his time to better purpose than by putting his hand to the task of perpetuating and spreading the errors of fact—I am not speaking of opinions — promulgated by those who know nothing about that which they condemn, and by trying to deprive a down-trodden class of the community of their birthrights.

I remain, Sirs, yours obediently,

ARNOLD HILL PAYNE.

In some states there is a law against impostors—hearing persons who pretend to be deaf-mutes. A similiar law is contemplated in other states, and, in time, it is hoped, the application of such a law will become quite general. But the harm done by some poor hearing person posing as a "deaf-mute" is small compared to the harm done the deaf by men and women, higher up in the financial, social or professional scale, who pose as authorities on matters concerning the deaf, but concerning which, in fact, they are practically ignorant. A little learning about the deaf like that exhibited by Dr. Kerr Love is, indeed, a dangerous thing.

The following extract is taken from an



SUPT. S. F. WALKER
Missouri School for the Deaf, Fulton.



MRS. S. T. WALKER
Wife of Superintendent, Fulton, Mo.

European letter in *The Living Church*. Delegates to the Paris International Congress of the Deaf in 1889 will recall the church of St. Roch.

The black-walled old Church of St. Roch in the Rue St. Honore here in Paris is known as the church where at stated times services are held for the deaf and dumb. One of the curates there has charge of these services and of the deaf-mutes who gather there from all parts of the city and the surrounding district. I was present some time ago at one of these services. It was singularly impressive: the crowd of speechless people, the speechless priest—no uttered sound yet all actively engaged in prayer and praise, worshipping with reverence and devotion. That was truly a "silence which could be heard." Among the more highly educated there are, few actually dumb persons in the present day. Deaf children are taught from infancy to use their vocal organs and to read on the lips of others what is being said by those around them. The International Congress of the Deaf and Dumb was held at Rome at the end of August. One of the chief questions treated was that of the professions and trades open to deaf-mutes. A distinguished deaf and dumb journalist was there to represent France. He is a member of the *Societe des Gens de Lettres*, and editor of two reviews.

ST. LOUIS LOCALS.

Superintendent and Mrs. S. T. Walker, of the State School for the Deaf at Fulton, were the guests of honor at the November Social at St. Thomas' Mission. The Woman's Guild, the Ladies' Home Fund Society, the Gallaudet Union, and the St. Louis Division of the National Fraternal Society co-operated with the Mission in entertaining the guests, about 250 in number. Bishop Tuttle, Dean Davis, Rev. Mr. Remick, Rev. Mr. Mizner, the faculty of Gallaudet School, a number of patrons of the Fulton School, and Rev. Mr. Schubkegal, Lutheran missionary to the deaf, were among those present. Superintendent Walker is no stranger to the deaf of St. Louis, many of whom he knew while connected with the Illinois and Kansas Schools. They had the advantage of Mr. Walker in knowing who he was, but he was able to recognize most of his old-time friends without assistance in spite of the changes wrought by time since the last meeting. As for Mrs. Walker, she completely won all hearts. She has a remarkably good command of the sign-language, considering the fact that she knew nothing of it previous to her marriage to Mr. Walker last September. Through the kindness of Mr. John Bloch, whose son Oscar is a graduate of Gallaudet School, who donated the use of his



Church Workers at the Jacksonville Conventions

REV. J. H. CLOUD
REV. G. F. FLICK
REV. J. P. HASENSTAB
MRS. CLOUD
DEACONESS SMITH

Photographed by Fawcner.

automobile, Superintendent and Mrs. Walker were enabled to see much of special interest to them during their brief stay in the city.

They visited the Eads Manual Training and Domestic Science Center, where beginners in these branches from Gallaudet School attend; the manual training department of the McKinley High School, where the advanced grades from Gallaudet School attend; the Teachers' College, Educational Museum, Gallaudet School and Board of Education. Supt. Walker is expected back at an early convenient date for a lecture to the St. Louis deaf.

* * *

The Bible Class at St. Thomas' Mission has resumed its meetings with Miss Vina Smith in charge. Miss Smith is a trained deaconess and had considerable experience in the work in Chicago before coming to St. Louis. The class at St. Thomas is fortunate in having such a well qualified leader as Miss Smith and the size of the class indicates that her services are appreciated.

* * *

Mr. Rene J. Schneider, for years a well-known and much respected citizen of St. Louis, died suddenly on Nov. 4th. A few days before his death he removed to his farm near Alton. His health had not been of the best but his death was entirely unexpected. He leaves a widow who before her marriage was Miss Leola McHose. Mr. and Mrs. Schneider graduated from the Illinois School. The funeral was largely attended—the Rev. J. H. Cloud and Dean Davis of the cathedral officiating.

* * *

Local organizations of the deaf will unite in observing Gallaudet Day on the evening of December 9th, at Strassberger Hall, South Grand and Shenandoah avenues.

* * *

Mr. George J. Tureczek and Miss Laura W. Flaskamper, a popular young couple were united in marriage, Oct. 18, by the Rev. J. H. Cloud. They will continue to reside in St. Louis.

* * *

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

"Tautisms"

THERE are two ways of living in this world. One is to grow, the other to shrink. Haven't you seen men and women expand in their careers and open out like the full blown flower, and others who grew smaller, meaner and narrower every day? We ought to get mellow as we grow older, like apples on the bough. *A man should be at his best and highest at seventy or eighty.* If flowers and trees grow and expand and shed their beauty why not men and women? We grow old in proportion to our selfishness. To have friends you must be friendly. To have, you must give. Emerson recorded in his journal,—"I have discovered a secret today, the more I give the more I have, and that I can just as well occupy a large place in life

as a small one." Sometimes I think some very happy persons have been beheaded or burnt at the stake or lain in dungeons. It is the motive that brings joy, and some martyrs have lived from motives at high as "Heaven's Arch." The vulgar great, those who live upon the lowest plane of accumulation and make life a mere question of arithmetic and surround themselves with "junk"—which can't be taken across the river "Styx"—these may miss the joy that came to such as "Sidney Carton." Nothing can be eternal but love. With the golden beams of love we have built heaven. With the poisoned shafts of hate we have built hell. Kindred spirits make heaven here. Antagonism breeds hell. We do not know the psychological laws of love or hate. Much, very much, that we call sin is only ignorance or ill adaptation. In one of the old English comedies, "The Beaux Stratagem," Mrs. Sullen asks, "What law can search into the remote abyss of nature? Can a jury sum up the endless aversions that are rooted in our souls or can a bench give judgment upon antipathies?"

I unalterably believe that perfect judgment can be given only by the *Supreme Mind*, able in its vividness to perfectly realize an individual life from the cradle to grave and that its judgments must differ from the judgments of a world led in captivity to its own narrow prejudices.

"OCCASIONAL."

"Round the World in Silence"



THE above is the title of a book by Miss Annabelle Kent, just out.

The author's name is, familiar to a large number of our readers, many of whom enjoy her acquaintance. She has travelled extensively during her life time, and in her book, illustrated with pictures taken by herself with her own camera, she tells in a most entertaining and fascinating way of the many lands which she "saw and understood, and held communication, yet never heard a sound."

It is as interesting to the globe-trotter as it is to the stay-at-homes and should be in the hands of every book-lover.

In her preface, the author says:

"A deaf young lady made the remark to me once that it was a waste of time and money for a deaf person to go to Europe, as she could get so little benefit from the trip. I told her that as long as one could see there was a great deal one could absorb and enjoy. Then, when the time and opportunity came for me to take a tour around the world, there happened to be a young man in the party who was totally blind. I was full of sympathy for him, but he, instead of feeling regret, thought the sympathy should be bestowed on me, since I was deaf instead of blind. Cheerfulness is a fine trait, but I could not think of going to India and then not being able to see the glories of the Taj or the pathetic beauty of the Residency,—Luck-

now's memento of the Mutiny. Feeling that I was fully repaid for the months of strenuous life, I have been moved to rewrite and publish the letters I sent home telling of my experiences on the tour as I would like to show others, as well as my deaf brethren and sisters, how much pleasure and profit one can get through travel not only in Europe but the Orient. I am not merely hard of hearing, but entirely deaf. Part of the time I was with friends of long standing, part of the time with almost entire strangers; and even amid the stress of travel they were always kind and patient with me. If they should chance to read these pages, I would like them to know how much I thank them all."

The author takes you through England, Italy, India, Egypt, China, Japan, Manila, Hawaii and back home by way of San Francisco.

In Japan she speaks of her visit to the School for the Deaf in Tokio, thus:

"I wanted to visit the School for the Deaf before leaving Tokio, so Harry sent a note to one of the Secretaries of the U. S. Legation, asking him to get us a permit to visit the School. We had to leave Tokio on Monday afternoon, and when Monday morning's mail brought us a note from him which he deeply regretted being unable to get the desired permit, as the Minister of the Education was out of town. Harry said "Never mind; we will go, and I will see what I can do with the aid of our visiting cards." For the sake of additional speed we each had two runners for our jinnichikishas, and even then were beginning to think the ride was very long, when at last our men turned into a gate in a high board fence, and stopped at the door of a large frame building. The doors being wide open, we walked in, and, as good fortune would have it, the gentleman walking along the hall, to whom Harry spoke, presenting our cards, turned out to be the Principal himself. He was most cordial, and not only consented to our visiting the school, but went through it with us, introducing us in each class-room, where I tried, but unsuccessfully, to talk to the mutes. Finally we were taken to the chapel, and when the school assembled there the Principal wrote in tea-chest characters on the black-board. Afterward he took us to the Art Department, where a number of boys were at work on water-color designs. He had one of them paint several fans, which he gave me, together with some flower studies."

The book from cover to cover is calculated to cure one of the "blues." It is handsomely bound in red cloth and printed throughout on fine coated paper, and contains sixty half-tone illustrations. The price is \$1.50. The Greaves Publishing Company, 154 Nassau Street, New York City, handle the book.

Oren M. Elliott, of Lexington, Mo., has launched a new independent paper for the deaf, the *Silent Review*. This is not Mr. Elliott's first venture in independent journalism among the deaf, as he has the credit of starting the *Eye* and the *Silent Success*, both defunct. He is one of the publishers of a weekly paper for the hearing, the *Lexingtonian*, and conducts the *Silent Review* as a side line. The paper was started June 1.—*Kansas Star*.

AN UNSUSPECTED FACT.

If down his throat a man should choose.

In fun, to jump or slide,

He'd scrape his shoes against his teeth

Nor dirt his own inside.

But if his teeth were lost and gone,

And not a stump to scrape upon,

He'd see at once how very pat

His tongue lay there by way of mat,

And he could wipe his feet on that!



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The Course of Study

In compiling our course of study the Committee of our Teachers' Association appointed for the purpose, first of all has made a careful review of the courses in use in other schools, and we now think we have one of the very best, and yet, so varying are the abilities of the children, that it is well-nigh impossible to put into the hands of a teacher of any grade a course that can be followed implicitly.

Not Guilty

It is true that people addicted to drink sometimes have deaf children. It is also true that total abstainers are sometimes the parents of children who do not hear; but we have neither facts nor figures to indicate that there is any especial relation between drinking and having deaf offspring, and are inclined to believe that though much of crime and pauperism may be laid at the door of the drink habit, it can scarce be reckoned as one of the causes of deafness.

Precept and Example

At a recent session of the Child's Welfare Convention, held in the Mayor's reception room, at the City Hall in Philadelphia, a probation officer made the statement that fifty per cent. of the boys in one of the schools of that city smoke, and, after dwelling upon the great injury that was being done to the minds, and to the general health of these boys, declared that the habit was due largely to the example of the men "higher up," to their teachers and principals, many of whom were users of tobacco. The charge is a grave one, and one worthy of the most serious consideration by our Philadelphia brethren. Doubtless they, every one, teach their boys that tobacco is injurious to them, in every way. But of what use is the

precept, if their example is to the contrary, and, can you much blame a boy if he follows the example of the man who is placed over him as his preceptor and guide.

The Aphasie

THERE is scarce a school for the deaf in the land that has not among its pupils one of those anomalous cases in which the child does not speak simply from sheer lack of will power. We have one with us, a boy who, at most times, appears to hear, and understand almost everything, but who only speaks when absolutely compelled to. The strange disease, for it seems to be a disease, which draws a curtain around the function of speech is known as aphasia, and is thought by many of those who have made a study of it to be congenital, their born heritage. In the adult who has much experience in language and who has formed a large vocabulary, aphasia betrays itself in an inability to understand or to recall or utter once familiar words. We read almost daily in the papers, of cases of aphasia in adults. It is a common thing to hear of men and women who have been found wandering the streets in a daze, memory a blank, unable to remember their own names, and perhaps not even able to explain the simplest ideas or wants. With the child the condition is not so common, however, they sometimes grow up unable to talk or properly understand spoken words, though not deaf, being afflicted with some form of this disease. It is frequently faulty development, and, in not a few cases there is apparently no mental deficiency apart from the language defect.

Dr. Clara Harrison Towne, of the Lincoln State School, in Illinois, who has made a study of this class of children thus refers to one of her most interesting cases:

"In spite of much intelligence he talks but little and so rarely notices what is said by others that he is often considered deaf. That he is not deaf to noises the above incident proves, and that he is not deaf to the ordinary tones of the human voice became equally evident during a test for articulation. He repeated every word which was uttered in an ordinary tone, not correctly, but in a way that approximated the original.

"His color discrimination is also good. He matched without difficulty red, blue, green, yellow, purple, and orange. He is right-handed and uses scissors effectively, cutting out of paper without aid or suggestion several simple figures.

"To sum up, the foregoing description portrays a boy with an alert mind, quick to perceive visual stimuli of all kinds, quick to interpret uses of objects, to discover causes for events and to notice relations between objects; a boy with a retentive memory and the concentration necessary to hold directions for three actions in mind long enough to perform them.

"All these powers he has developed, although deprived of the aid most children derive from the constant talk of those about them. It is a truism that the brightest and liveliest children are those who are talked to and played with the most; but here is a boy,

deaf to the meaning of practically all words, who has developed a remarkably good intelligence. Can one doubt that he is suffering from a mental defect limited to the language field, from a defect independent of any other mental deficiency whatsoever?

Referring to the best method of teaching such children she says:

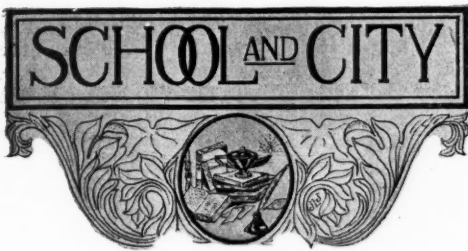
"There are three quite distinct methods used for the education and re-education of aphasics. First, the oral method used for deaf mutes; second, the various methods used for impressing visual symbols and associating them with their auditory values; third, the special training of the left hand in the finer co-ordinations limited in most people to the right hand movements. A combination of these methods seems to give best and quickest results, though the process is at best a long and tedious one."

It is pretty hard to say just how to classify the child or in just what school to place it, but if Miss Towne's conclusions are correct, an oral school for the deaf would probably furnish the course best adapted to its needs.

What Next!

AMONG the many innovations that have taken place in school curriculums, of late, there have been a number of such doubtful feasibility that they have rather come under the ban as "fads." Among the latest of these is one suggested for introduction into the public schools of Chicago. It has been noticed that, in many cases, the crossing of a street and the boarding of a street-car, by the average school-girl, have been done with such awkwardness as to make them most dangerous proceedings, and it is now proposed to teach the girls how to do these things gracefully and safely. Admittedly, it is an art to dodge a train of fast-moving vehicles, sandwiched between rubber-wheeled automobiles, and it may be conceded for the purposes of argument that it requires some skill to make the high jump required to land one on a car step; it is well that girls should be taught to gauge distances and to act quickly, and, doubtless, there are rules that might be observed which are not. The object is commendable, but the method is perhaps open to criticism. Instead of an attempt to train the girls physically and mentally, to be ever alert, quick-witted and capable of applying her mental forces to any situation that might arise, it is an attempt to deal with a specific risk, and is open to the objection that there are a thousand other specific risks, requiring as many courses in specific instruction. Life should seem too short to give time to the education of children to do specific things in a certain way; a child that is properly trained in all its faculties will be pretty sure to do the right thing at the right time.

Miss Annabelle Kent's pretty little compilation "Around the World in Silence" is one of the best contributions to the literature of the deaf, if not the very best that has been made for years, and if one wants a trip abroad we know of no more delightful way to go than with Miss Kent in her journeyings.



Thanksgiving already.

But three weeks until Christmas.

Samuel Broswick can say "how de do."

The double tracking out front is finished.

We have fine asphalt streets all round us.

The printing office has been very busy of late.

There appear to be but three of our squirrels left.

Our wigwams have succumbed to the weather.

Sarah Godstein's mother was a caller a few days ago.

Mr. Sharp's Indian pictures are the admiration of all.

Our horse has been very sick but is quite well at present.

Our linotype operators have had the busiest week of their lives.

Dawes Sutton has five pigeons which he will take home at Christmas.

There have been a number of letters quietly mailed to Santa Claus recently.

As the cold increases the gymnasium becomes more attractive.

Edna Snell is now "sweet sixteen." Her birthday was on Saturday.

Perla Harris has been called home by the serious illness of her father.

A number of ex-pupils have signified their intention, of being here on Thanksgiving Day.

Miss Bilbee will spend her Christmas holiday in Florida. Won't that be a fine trip for her.

Mr. Walker visited his farm on Saturday, and spent the day transplanting a Norway maple.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron, Carmine Pace and Vallie Gunn were welcome visitors a few days ago.

Frank Hoppaugh is promised a trip to Jacksonville, Fla., next year, in the Steamer Huron.

How we would like to get hold of some of those films that have been made especially for schools for the deaf!

We had our first little flurry of snow on Wednesday, but it soon blew over and the snow man did not materialize.

A number of our boys and girls will visit the New York schools when on their Christmas holiday.

The health of our little folks has been wonderfully good, this fall, and Thanksgiving finds our infirmary quite empty.

The ladies and gentlemen are working industriously upon our Christmas entertainment and it promises to be a very nice one.

The lumps and abrasions on John Garland are so numerous that he looks as if he had been in the Chinese war.

Since the destruction of our big flag-staff Old Glory has had to float from the little one on the industrial building.

If you would cut off Jimmy's tail he would look woefully like a rat. As it is he is a squirrel, and a very pretty one.

A crowd of fifteen hundred saw the Tigers go down to defeat before our team at the Masonic Temple on Saturday.

Samuel Struchler, a cousin of Sam Eber's is now working with the latter's father making furniture, in New Brunswick.

Johnny McNee is making good in the printing department, and in another year will hold his own with any of the printer-boys.

We have been watching the events of the gridiron with the greatest interest, and when Princeton won our joy knew no bounds.

Julia Westerman is the latest arrival in the girls' department. She is seventeen years old and has never been to school before.

Some of the big boys walked out to the Tri-state field to see the foot-ball game between the Model School and the High School teams.

Julius Aaron's little girl can hear and speak as well as any one, and is a fine little sign-maker as well, although but two years old.

The boys in the wood-working department have finished a stool for the pupils in Miss Wood's room who could not reach the big slates.

Erwin Hermann has a chum named Hugo—who writes him a letter every week, and it is one of Erwin's particular pleasures to get this letter.

Geo. Brede has a thorough knowledge of all the fine points of basket-ball and makes a referee whose decisions are rarely questioned.

Mr. Johnson's lecture on "kindness," the other morning was greatly appreciated. His illustration regarding the newsboy was especially interesting.

There is no more pleasant holiday to us than "the day of thanks," the games, sports, visitors, picture-cards, and elegant dinner all combining to make it a day of days.

Our little folks pretty generally prefer the summer months to the winter ones, and are not looking forward with any great amount of pleasure to the long winter ahead of them.

Jemima Smith is taking a great deal of pains with the dress she is making for herself. The reason is that she expects to wear it at her sister's wedding on the first of January.

Our first page article on the Deaf Printer taken from the *Inland Printer* will be of especial interest to the boys under instruction in the various printing departments throughout the country.

Lillian Leaming says that quail on toast, lobster Newburg and stewed terrapin are all very well in their way, but that a nice broiled Frankfurter or dish of baked beans are good enough for her.

Rosie Hucker can scarcely wait for Christmas to come. She is so anxious to see her new home. Rosie hopes to make a brief visit with Jemima Smith during the holidays.

We thought last year that we would never have another basket-ball team equal to the one we then had, but our newcomers are showing great form and promise to be quite as good, before the season is over.

Last Sunday-afternoon Harriet Alexander, Cornelia De Witte and Mamie Gessner, recited the Twenty-third Psalm at Sunday School of the Hamilton Ave. Church. The teachers and children were greatly interested.

The children all thoroughly enjoy the new chapel arrangements. All of the teachers and supervisors now take part, so that there is a new face and a new message every day for three weeks. Then the list begins again.

When Clara Van Sickle packed Lillie Stassatt's trunk preparatory to sending it home, she put her photograph on top of the clothing, and Lillie was given a very pleasant surprise when she opened her trunk at the other end.

Lillie Stassatt reports that her mother is much improved but that her brother was badly injured in a foot-ball game, a few days ago, and will not be able to work for some time. Lillie's father is improving slowly. How true it is that "troubles never come singly."

Mamie Gessner, Frieda Heuser, and Cornelia De Witte are already counting their Christmas presents. They think they can reckon on at least ten apiece. Don't count your chickens before they are hatched, young ladies, Old Santa Claus overlooks us sometimes.

Some of our boys are making a study of the various types of aeroplane, and Master Charles Dobbins has gone so far as to make one. When Charles launched it from the third story window, however, it pitched headlong to the ground and was wrecked. It is a good thing that Charles was not aboard.

The antics of the squirrels are a never ending source of interest to our children. The cunning tricks they have of burying the nuts they can not eat especially impresses the boys and girls, and the squirrel that is thus laying up for future use is always sure of a large audience.

Mr. Sharp still sticks to the old bicycle, preferring it to the automobile or aeroplane, and it seems like a wise choice. As a mode of exercise it is infinitely superior, and Mr. Sharp will be here enjoying it long after many of the devotees of the latter machines have gotten their bumps and gone to "sleep with their fathers."

A page digested in better than a book hurriedly read.—*Macaulay*.



By Alexander L. Pach, 935 Broadway New York

ONCE upon a time I was present at a meeting of a State Association when a member proposed the name of a well-beloved clergyman for Honorary membership. The clergyman was present at the meeting, as he had often been before, and, indeed, for thirty years or more has labored among the deaf. He has made long journeys to be present at the Association's meetings, and frequently acted as interpreter, yet another member got the floor and put up the "Hold-up" sign. He stated that the honor was not one to be handed around promiscuously.

Not so long ago, the same association met again, and the member who opposed the Honorary membership of the esteemed clergyman, nominated a school superintendent for the same honor, and it went through. This despite the fact that the school superintendent never attended a meeting of the Association, except when chance had it that the meeting was held in his city.

Now I am not complaining, but it seems to me that there is inconsistency somewhere.

Reverting to the ever interesting study of names:

Willie Highnote,
Clarence Looney,
Earl, Muse,
George Dance,
Norah Radish,

are not, gentle reader, characters in a musical comedy, whose names are the poetical creation of a playwright's fancy, but the owner of each and everyone of these patronymics is a pupil in the Georgia School for the Deaf.

And only because we are on the subject, one of the certified accountants who audited the N. A. D. Moving Picture Fund report, bears the eminently proper name of Probert.

And while about it, Joseph Flaschentroger is learning the Barber trade in Philadelphia.

It is a long time since such a glittering glossary of interesting facts as appear in the last issue of this paper in connection with the mighty interesting interview some clever journalist managed to coax from the shrinking Troy, cartoonist, baseballist and ex-collegian.

The scholarly author's name should have been appended. I have a surmise as to his identity.

What! You guess it, too!

When one joins most any kind of an organization, much of the pleasure of membership has a "stinger" in it, in the shape of ticket selling. There are a few people who enjoy this sort of thing and a good many who do not. Some organizations have affairs so arranged that a member always has tickets in his pocket for some coming affair. Once I saw members of a club selling tickets in front of a church just after the funeral of a deaf man, and I thought this was the limit. It probably was, but at a wedding anniversary

a short time ago, while the guests were having a joyous time, one of them took out a handful of tickets for a coming ball and begun peddling them to the other guests.

Some people simply cannot realize that there is a time and place for everything.

The Cleveland Convention Committee want a "slogan" and are willing to pay for one. Here are some suggestions, only they must remember that "Pike's Peak or Bust" was a ready made one for the Colorado meeting:

"Count on Cleveland."

"Come to Cleveland."

"Clever Cleveland Captivates."

"Cleveland's Coming Conquest."

"Cleveland's Captivating Convention."

As my address appears at the head of this column, Mrs. Bates knows just where to send the prize money.

The *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* recently dwelt on how fortunate the pupils of the New York Institution were in having before them the grandest aquatic spectacle this nation has ever witnessed. The picture was underdrawn. Fanwood's location is world-famed, and the



MR. W. WADE, THE FRIEND OF THE DEAF-BLIND

waters that flow by and the scenery opposite are a poem in themselves, but picture to yourselves the school's having a mighty fountain in its front yard, and right in it are such marvels of the war-ship creator's power as the monster dreadnaughts Florida and Utah, each displacing 21,825 tons and carrying an armament of 26 guns. These battleships have four screws and an indicated horsepower of 28,000.

And in this fountain, too, are the old battleships Iowa, Massachusetts, Indiana and New Jersey—the latter a bit more modern than the other three which in Spanish war-days were mighty fighters. Then, if you walked to the river-most edge of Principal Currier's domain, you saw the massive steel ships extending down the river as far as the eye could see, battle-ships, armored cruisers, gun-boats, dispatch boats, torpedo-boats and the wicked little destroyers that displace 700 tons of water and can muster up 10,000 horse-power.

I saw all this by day, and again I wended my way down the old familiar drive-way to see the fleet illuminated. It was 9 o'clock in the evening and the inhabitants of Fanwood were asleep, or reading or studying, for the entire front piazza and lawns were deserted, except for the presence of one lone woman, who may have been a trespasser as indeed I was.

And when I had feasted my eyes on the glittering spectacle that the electric-outlined ships presented, with countless searchlights elevated at the uniform angle of 45 degrees, I again "wended my way" towards Broadway.

Thirty years ago, when I was a pupil there, it would have been a way that led past the

old Mansion House (Primary Department) that stood on a hill, which you reached after passing a ravine. The Mansion House, the hill, and the ravine are all gone, and gone, too, is the orchard and field and wooded path by which we reached the first sign of civilization, which was marked by Saul's hotel, which is gone, as well as the stables, and where were formerly country roads with an occasional house, are now miles and miles of apartment houses; the great subway runs underneath Broadway and lines of trolleys, packed with passengers, make the old district hard to conjure to one's mind.

Once, as a boy, I ventured very far north on a hunt for nuts, and saw a big Institution-like building, and asked what it was. I learned that it was the New York Juvenile asylum, which, long ago, was torn down; but I am quite familiar with its site, for, as I look out of one of the windows of the room in which I am writing these lines, I can see part of the original cellar of the asylum. My home is built on another part, and the location, 176th St., Audubon and St. Nicholas avenues, is now a very populous part of New York city.

A friend writes me as follows:

I did not think that when Mr. Hecker went into eclipse, and Mr. Harris Taylor's desiccation by Superintendent honors, that side-splitting wit and humor existed in the profession. Yet did anything in Mr. Taylor's "Blue Speller" surpass Mr. Walter Kilpatrick's "The Sign Language in Business," in the November *Annals*?

I suspect that Mr. Kilpatrick purposely made his language very didactic, even stilted, as preface to such bits as the sign-maker on the platform having to stop to brush a fly off his nose, or use his handkerchief, where the contrast is delicious.

Pity that Mr. Kilpatrick does not water the often dry wastes of the l. p. f. with his flashes."

A very harmful statement, made sometime ago and erroneously attributed to the head of the W. C. T. U. at first that a majority of the deaf pupils in schools were the children of drunken parents, subsequently "moderate drinkers" being substituted for "drunkards," said to be supported by statistics, has been very extensively commented on, adversely to the statement; but the best criticism I have heard comes to me in a letter, from which I quote: "Remember that it is probable that a majority of children are the children of 'moderate drinkers.' For the same reason that white sheep have more wool than black ones—there are many more black ones than white ones. For instance—I think it is probable that you are 'a moderate drinker,' who may take a drink semi-occasionally, but never get drunk.

The fact as to "statistics" are, The U. S. Bureau of Education, in 1899, included in its inquiries of schools for the deaf, one of how many grandfathers, grandmothers (!) fathers, or mothers (!) were of intemperate habits, and you know, thoroughly that the replies from school Supts, would be about "Don't know." The annual volume of that Bureau, had no statistics on this point, nor did the volume of 1900, not any subsequent one, as far as I know.

If there are any statistics, or scientific observations on this point, it certainly is up to the W. C. T. U. to produce them, if there are none, to subtract the statement."

NOTES OF THE W. A. BRADY SUCCESSORS.

At William A. Brady's Playhouse "Bought and Paid For," by George Broadhurst, has gained recognition so widespread that it is not easy to purchase seats without bespeaking them in advance. The management with wisdom in excess of the present period of gathering the harvest before it fairly is ripe, will

refrain from organizing second and third companies for this comedy drama, resting content with its progress in the hands of the original cast, which embraces Charles Richman, Frank Craven, Allen Atwell, Julia Dean, Marie Nordstrom and Dorothy Davies and is regarded as a singularly well balanced and effective assemblage of players for the purpose in view. Theatre patrons who derive satisfaction from observing the performance of the plays as rendered by the actors and actresses who first interpreted the roles thus will find especial interest in the representations of "Bought and Paid For." The play itself impresses the spectators with the naturalness of its serious theme while sweeping them with prolonged gusts of laughter at its incisively humorous characterizations and episodes in the lighter passages. Mr. Broadhurst has received generous credit for having "created" the type of personage vivified in Jimmy Gilley, the selfish egotistical little barnacle who fastens himself to his millionaire brother-in-law and believes he is worth more than the \$15 weekly salary he receives, even after his employer smilingly assures him that when his value actually comes to \$20 a week his income will be raised to \$200.

"But," explains the author, "I didn't create Jimmy. I simply found him. He is everywhere in real life, and this accounts for the success of the character in my play. It isn't necessary to get acquainted with him, for he doesn't speak ten words before everybody in the audience is reminded of someone he or she actually has known in flesh and blood. I merely had the good fortune to catch Jimmy first for the stage."

Grace George and the Playhouse company, including Lyn Harding (The eminent character actor from His Majesty's Theatre, London, of which Sir Beerbohm Tree is manager) will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Adelphia Theatre, Philadelphia, on Monday, November 27. The opening play will be "Just to Get Married," a new English comedy by Cicely Hamilton, which had a year's run in London, and has been received with manifestations of keen delight thus far during Miss George's American tour.

"Baby Mine," with the original New York company, headed by Marguerite Clark, Walter Jones, and Ernest Glendinning, will spend Thanksgiving day in Albany, where, luckily for those of the actors who cherish traditions of the day's festal character, there are several hotels with first rate restaurant capacity.

"Over Night," under William A. Brady (Ltd) management, still is having an affluent treasury at Princess Theatre, Chicago, where it is at the end of its second month.

William A. Brady's newest star, Cyril Scott, in "A Gentleman of Leisure," after a few weeks in intermediate territory, will proceed to the Princess Theatre, Chicago, for a run before returning to New York to complete its career in that city, interrupted because the supply of available theatres gave out. Broadway has more successes this season than ever before, and playhouses are scarce.

Mr. W. S. Root, for the past two years editor of the *Observer*, of Seattle, severed his connection with that paper during the summer, in order to give more time to his personal affairs. Mr. Root proved himself an able and conscientious editor, and made the *Observer* one of the best independent papers for the deaf we have had.—*Kansas Star*.



By Mrs. E. Florence Long, Council Bluffs, Ia.

THE DAWN OF GALILEE

*Through love to light! O wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea!
Through love to light! Through light, O, God, to
Thee*

Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light.
—Richard Watson Gilder.



MARYANN HENDERSON
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henderson.

IOWA STATE PRINTER

"Robert Henderson, who has been elected state printer of Iowa, was born in Burlington March 22, 1874, and learned the trade on the



ROBERT HENDERSON

Commonwealth at Creston, Iowa, beginning at the age of 15, in 1889. In a few years he "graduated" into the front office and became a reporter, and afterward did reportorial and editorial work on several Iowa dailies. He

came to Council Bluffs in 1898, to work as a reporter on the *Nonpareil*, a short while after becoming city editor, resigning this position in 1900 to become secretary to the Hon. Walter I. Smith, congressman from the Ninth Iowa district, which position he held for three years.

In 1903, he was afflicted with typhoid fever, which left him totally deaf, and as a result he had to resign his secretaryship. He learned the "sign-language," coming back to Council Bluffs and accepting his old position as city editor of the *Nonpareil*, a short time afterward becoming managing editor.

April 6, 1911, he was elected state printer by the thirty-fourth general assembly of Iowa for a term of two years, it being the custom to give three terms without opposition. He assumes office January 1, 1913.

This sketch from the *Typographical Journal* says that Mr. Henderson learned the sign-language after his deafness. But he first tried to learn lip-reading by the oral method and engaged Miss Myrtle Long (a sister of J. S. Long), who was an oral teacher in the Iowa School, to give him private lessons. He found the oral work a bad job for him and found out that lip-reading was mostly clever guess work anyway. However, he fell in love with his little teacher and while she was engaged at the Mt. Airy School in Philadelphia he persuaded her to quit the Oral Method and uphold the Manual Method by marrying him. They have two bright children now, named Maryann, aged four, and William John, aged six months. They all use the sign-language with Mr. Henderson and promise to let the oral method alone where he is concerned.

Letter From Mr. Harivick

DEAR SIR:—I have been a subscriber to your valuable publication for only a few months, but like it very much and watch for it's coming with pleasure. I subscribed for the purpose of keeping posted in regard to what the Deaf are doing throughout the world and get acquainted.

I lost my hearing when about twenty years old, caused by fever. I can hear by loud conversation close to my head, but as a general thing my friends talk to me by writing. I never learned the sign-language simply for the reason I had no one to instruct me who knew it. I do not consider being deaf any handicap to a person who has the ability to go ahead. I own a lovely home here on East Main street and have it paid for. I have in two savings banks, drawing three and four per cent. interest, money that I do not need, laid by for a rainy day. Please do not think for a moment I am saying this in a bragging way; far from it, I just simply mention it to show what a person can do who has the "I will" about him as I made what I have got honestly since I lost my hearing. I am greatly interested in gardening, growing fancy strawberries, fine poultry and cut-flowers. At one time I was the largest shipper of strawberries from this place to the Chicago market, and now have made arrangements to grow cut-flowers and sweet peas for a florist in Chicago who will take all I can ship at good prices. My business is suited to the deaf, as it is most all carried on by correspondence. I love my work and greatly enjoy working among my flowers and fruits. It takes a person out in the open air and sunshine and gives them the proper exercise, which is necessary for good health and refreshing sleep.

Well, Mr. Editor, as my letter is growing long I will close by saying the latch-string hangs out, here at my home for any deaf person who wishes to call—they are welcome—and any who cares to correspond with me (either sex) for pleasure or instruction, please write and I will try and answer all.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR L. HARVICK.

P. O. Box 36, VIENNA, ILL.



By James S. Reider, 1538 N. Dover St.

SOME of the interesting features at the twenty-fifth meeting of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf at Harrisburg, August 24, 25, 26, 1911, were:—

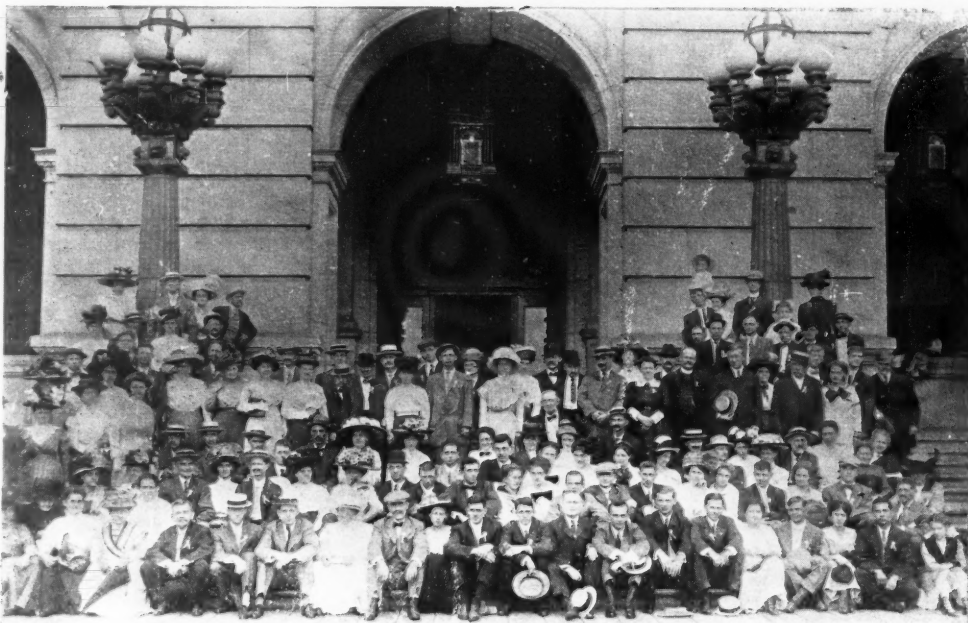
- The Thirtieth Anniversary Celebration.
- The Representative Attendance.
- The Address of Welcome by the Secretary-Manager of the Board of Trade.
- The Annual Address of the President.
- The Oration of Rev. C. O. Dantzer.
- The Report of the Board of Trustees of the Home.
- The Report of the Board of Managers.
- The Report of the Treasurer of the Society.
- The Report of the Special Committee on Compulsory Education.
- The Report of the Special Committee on Feeble-Minded Deaf.
- The Reports of Local Branches.
- The Special Anniversary Offering for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf.
- The Paper on Fraternal Societies of the Deaf.
- A Paper Concerning the Pittsburg Local Branch.
- The Discussion of the Papers.
- The Report of the Committee on Resolutions.
- The Addresses of Prominent Members and Others.

This array of business was certainly a lot to despatch with other routine work in two morning and one evening sessions. It shows, too, that, where there's the will, conventions of the deaf can find all the work they can do. Twenty-five years ago or so some educators were heard to say that conventions of the deaf were of little or no use. They must have referred to conventions that depended upon mere talking for the results. Nowadays we have working conventions. The National Association of the Deaf had never put forth such effort as has been shown in the last few years. There has been a great awakening of the deaf of the country—or rather the National Association.

The P. S. A. D. also got an unexpected awakening at Harrisburg. A denunciatory resolution on the imposter evil was adopted at the convention, as has been done almost yearly. And then, to the surprise of every one, a gentleman present called attention to the fact that Pennsylvania already has a law that prohibits the evil. The janitor of the court-house, being appealed to, brought forth a large volume from the law library and sure enough it contained the law referred to. It heads, in part, as follows:

"Any person who shall willfully or intentionally or fraudulently represent himself or herself a deaf or dumb or blind person in order to receive or obtain money, food, clothing or anything of value, shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor." * * *

In the haste of the morning we did not obtain a full copy of the law, but the part quoted seems so clear that any agitation for additional legislation upon the subject seems



PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE DEAF, HARRISBURG, AUG 24 TO 26.

superfluous. The next best thing to do is, to see that the law is enforced through constant agitation. Neither Pennsylvania nor any other state can hope to see the end of the evil, but it can be greatly lessened.

The papers often tell us how prominent people spend their birthday—by going to their offices and putting in a hard day's work, and that is just the way the Pennsylvania Society celebrated its thirtieth anniversary. The homely axiom, "business first; pleasure next," was followed instinctively. From the beginning to the end it was a harmonious meeting, and it was largely owing to this fact that so much work was done in the short time.

By far, the work which reflects the greatest credit upon the Society is the Special Anniversary Offering. The result attained had never been equalled in the same space of time by the Society. It was a singular triumph of the thirtieth anniversary. Without wishing to make an unseemly boast, it should be known also that the idea of the offering originated with a non-college man, showing that we need not always depend upon our learned brethren for the best ideas. Every one can hatch ideas and all that is needed to make a success of them is such general co-operation as was shown by the whole Pennsylvania deaf in this particular instance. In this way all deserve a share of credit.

The amount of the Offering reached a grand total of \$1,751.22, and the end is not yet. This lack enabled the Board of Managers to vote the sum of \$2,000.00 to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at its recent meeting, dividing it equally between the Maintenance and Endowment Funds.

The Society put itself on record as endorsing the work of the National Association of the Deaf in advancing the interests of the deaf, but that does not mean a change of heart with regard to the Federation of State Associations. It maintains its own ideas on this subject. It likewise sticks to its conservative policy towards the Oral Method. The Fraternal Society of the Deaf was endorsed because it seems to supply a long-felt want among the deaf. Indeed, we think that, on the whole, the Society's work at Harrisburg was most creditable to the deaf of Pennsylvania.

We hope the readers will pardon us for devoting so much space in the last two issues

to the Harrisburg Convention, and next time we shall present general items of interest.

SECURED DIVORCE

Mr. Harry Stewart Smith, formerly of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, but now of Colorado Springs, Colo., authorizes us to state that he secured an absolute decree of divorce from his wife July 28th last, at Pueblo, Colorado.

Miss Deborah Hoyt Marshall, of Connecticut, is a member of the Belmont colony on Long Island, which is experimenting in farming conducted solely by women.—*Kansas Star*.

HONOR ROLL--N. J. School

Pupils whose names are found in this list have received an excellent report for deportment and have made every effort to make progress in studies during the past month.

Harriet Alexander.	Anna Klepper.
William Battersby.	Arthur Lefler.
Alice Battersby.	Maria Lotz.
George Bedford.	Lillian Leaming.
Arthur Blake.	John MacNee.
Edmund Beyer.	Lizzie Mathews.
John Bernhardt.	Lawrence Moody.
Rose Barbarulo.	Edward Mayer.
Alphonse Barbarulo.	Carthryn Melone.
Hildur Colberg.	Isidor Oliner.
Charles Colberg.	Louis Otten.
Esther Clayton.	Oreste Palmieri.
Joe Corello.	Lorraine Pease.
Stuart Davis.	John Pihs.
Cornelia De Witte.	Frances Phalon.
Pasquale Dercolo.	Anna Robinson.
Vito Dondiego.	Margaret Renton.
Isadore Engel.	John Reed.
William Felts.	Alfred Shaw.
Sarah Goodstein.	John Short.
Joseph Higgins.	Chester Steiner.
Mildred Henemier.	Goldie Sheppard.
Irwin Hermann.	Jemima Smith.
Rosie Hucker.	Annie Savko.
Frieda Heuser.	Catherine Tierney.
Otis Harrison.	Clara Van Sickle.
Sarah Hartman.	Nellie Van Lenten.
Perla Harris.	Elton Williams.
Parker Jerrell.	Joseph Whalen.
	Esther Woelper.



By R. B. Lloyd, B. A.

Jimmy Meagher, of Colorado Springs wrestling fame, and his wife have been appointed to positions in the school for the deaf at Vancouver, Wash.—*Kansas Star*.

At the Rochester, New York, School, the manual alphabet and speech are the chief means of instruction, and the success of that school in all departments fully justifies the method of teaching employed.

The Pittsburgh Branch of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf won a \$400-prize in a contest started some time back by the *Pittsburgh Gazette-Times*. The money will be given to the Home fund.—*Kansas Star*.

Mr. Henri Gaillard, editor of the *Revue des Sourds-Muets*, and Madame Vve. Dupont (nee Louise Walser), were married in Bagnolet, France, on July 27. Mr. Gaillard is one of the brilliant deaf men of France, and is in the employ of the French government at Paris.—*Kansas Star*.

Harris Taylor, superintendent of the school for Improved Instruction the Deaf, will act in the capacity of superintendent of the Volta bureau and general secretary of the A. A. P. T. S. D., until January, 1911, when the directors of the association will elect a permanent superintendent and secretary.—*Kansas Star*.

Vermont is to have a new school. Heretofore the deaf of that state have been sent to adjoining states to be educated, but the legislature has appropriated \$50,000 for buildings and a farm of 212 acres in the suburbs of Brattleboro has been donated for the purpose. This leaves only New Hampshire, Delaware, Wyoming and Arizona without state schools.

A new deaf-mute Aero club has been organized in Berlin by deaf-mutes interested in aeronautics. The club has for its purpose the teaching its members how to manipulate air-ships. The first flight was made at the aero course at Johannisthal near Berlin on Sunday, April 2nd. Mr. Albanus is demonstrator and chairman of the club.—*Wisconsin Times*.

J. E. Gallaher's evening school for the adult deaf is again in full blast, the number of pupils being limited to six, as usual. He wishes to thank the editors of the school papers for their courtesy in regularly sending a copy of their publications to him, and would be pleased to have the practice continue. His address is 5357 Kenmore Avenue, Chicago.—*Wisconsin Times*.

Popular Mechanics says Prof. Alexander Graham Bell has recently invented an apparatus for cooling houses in summer at small cost and with simple operation. It was used with great success at Mr. Bell's home in Washington, D. C., last summer. When the city sweltered and wilted under torrid temperature Mr. Bell's home was kept at uniform temperature of 61 degrees.

Mr. S. T. Walker was chosen during the summer to succeed Mr. McKee as superintendent of the Missouri school. Mr. Walker needs no introduction. He has been in the work many years and has been superintendent of the Kansas, Illinois and Louisiana schools. Under Mr. McKee the Missouri school was very successful and under Mr. Walker's management the high standard will no doubt be kept up.—*The Western Pennsylvanian*.

At the seventh meeting of the association of teachers of the deaf of northwestern Germany, Mr. Tietjen of Emden spoke on the subject of "manual instruction and its application in the instruction of the deaf." He regarded manual instruction as a great aid to oral instruction, as it stimulates attentiveness and the desire to speak, extends the vocabulary of the children and offers an opportunity to utilize their speech.—*Paul Lange, in Wisconsin Times*.

During August, the adult deaf of Minnesota had an exhibit at the State fair in St. Paul. Press reports say the exhibit was one of the best at the fair. Several hundred specimens of mechanical and art work were shown. Dr. J. L. Smith was in charge of the exhibit, assisted by J. C. Howard, Anton Schroeder, and others. This was the first exhibit of its kind ever shown in the United States, and no doubt did much to dispel certain erroneous views about the deaf as a class, held by the hearing public.—*Kansas Star*.

In a letter to the New York *Register* printed last week, Mr. William Wade, of Oakmont, Pa., says that he has met the reputed best lip-readers from almost every school, in America, but that Miss ———, a pupil of the Kentucky School, reads his lips better than any one he has ever met. The young lady in question became deaf at the age of three years and speaks remarkably well, her speech retaining much of the naturalness acquired before losing her hearing. We may remark in passing that she is also one of the most graceful signmakers that we have ever seen.—*Kentucky Standard*.

There was a National Congress of the Deaf of France last summer at which a resolution favoring the Combined System was adopted. The Twelfth Biennial Congress of the British Association of the Deaf met in September in Aberdeen and a resolution favoring the Combined System was unanimously adopted. The Deaf of practically every civilized country under the sun are united in favoring the Combined System, and as they are the "living exhibit" of methods they ought to know what is best for them.—*Kentucky Standard*.

Oscar Regensburg, secretary of the National Association of the Deaf, urgently asks the deaf desiring to have copies of the report of the proceedings of the Colorado Convention to communicate with him at once. Members pay fifty cents and non-members seventy-five cents. The book will contain about 200 pages and be replete with valuable information. The secretary's address is Box 23, Los Angeles, Cal.

The *Southern Optimist* is no more, suspending publication July 15. The paper had been in existence a little more than a year. The editorial staff had recently been augmented by the addition of Mrs. G. E. M. Nelson, of Buffalo, and a new printing plant purchased. But fate seems to have been against the enterprise and it went the way other independent papers for the deaf have gone. Mrs. Jackson has moved to Texas, we understand.—*Kansas Star*.

The board of national moving picture film censors has at last taken notice of the charge that actors who pose for the pictures sometime use bad language in film plays which can be seen and understood by deaf and dumb people who understand spoken words by reading the lips. The board has appointed Miss Irene Langford, who in addition to being a light opera star is also a "lip reader," to act as censor. It will be Miss Langford's task to watch the moving pictures for offensive language. Such films as she condemns on this score will be refused the O. K. of the board. Probably moving picture actors who in the past interpolated improper language in their pantomime speeches never dreamed that their words could be understood by any of the thousands who later watched the action on the picture curtains. The moving picture board meets each week and the film companies throw their latest films on a screen for inspection.—*New York News*.

Twenty-five students make up the new preparatory class at Gallaudet College this fall, which is a good showing for the State schools when one takes into consideration the new requirements for admission to that institution of learning. These students represent eleven States and the District of Columbia. What is especially surprising about this to us is that nearly one-third of this number of new students came from a single western school, the Iowa school for the Deaf at Council Bluffs. In these times when the standard of education is keeping pace with the high cost of living and gradually going up it takes thorough training to enable our pupils to pass the rather rigid entrance examinations to Gallaudet; and when a State school can make such a creditable showing as the Iowa School has just done, what is the matter with its methods?—*Michigan Mirror*.

"Time and time again were asked to have our actors face the audience squarely when speaking lines that are of great importance," a theatrical manager said recently. "The explanation for the request is generally the same—that deaf people in the audience who depend on lip reading rather than hearing lose the run of the play if some important lines are spoken by a person whose lips can't be read. An actor or actress who's stuck on posing in profile is always the despair of the deaf people in the audience, as they say it's almost impossible to read lips in profile."

"Our ticket agent hears another side of the same question. People tell him when buying tickets that some one in the party is stone deaf and must read the lips of the actors in order to follow the play. Then they ask him on which side of the theatre these particular seats should be located to make this lip reaping the most satisfactory. Often the stage setting decides which way the actors must face, and if a deaf person gets on the wrong side of the house the play is practically lost."—*New York Sun*.

There was an item in the *Minneapolis Journal*, May 6th, to the effect that Mr. Cadwallader Washburn, a graduate of the Minnesota School and of Gallaudet College, and one of the foremost etchers in America, had a narrow escape from being killed by insurgents in Mexico, according to a telegram received that day by his father, former United States Senator W. D. Washburn. The message was sent from Vera Cruz. Mr. Washburn had rented property including a fine residence in the province of Marellos which he had been occupying since last October. While at work on a series of etchings, the place was attacked and the occupants killed. Mr. Washburn went to Yucatan and southwestern Mexico last fall and was as good as lost in the interior until word was received from him at Vera Cruz. Mr. Washburn sailed for New York on the day the message was sent to his father. He had stated in some letters to relatives in Minneapolis that the country was getting too hot for him and that the rebels were only a few miles from his house. We wish to congratulate Mr. Washburn on his good fortune in getting out of the Diaz country unscathed.—*North Dakota Banner*.

There is no doubt that printing is one of the trades that the deaf succeed in better than any other. All over the world you will find the same results in this direction. One point that seems to be apparent to anybody who studies the question is the fact that printing is a trade that conduces to the general education and advancement of its devotees, and as a result printers are among the most intelligent body of men in the world of industry. This only bears out what has been urged in these pages on many occasions, namely, the key to the problem of the education of the deaf and dumb is—language. If a man learns a good vocabulary it follows almost as a matter of course that his brain progresses in development, because word stand for ideas, and ideas stimulate the mental power. We do not say to all the deaf: "Become printers," for that would lead to overcrowding, but what we do urge upon all our deaf friend is to do the next best thing—READ whenever and wherever you have the opportunity. Familiarise yourself with words; get right down to their inner meaning, and in time you will find that you have accumulated a store of knowledge that will surprise you.—*British Deaf Times*.

Wise and Otherwise

EDITED BY MRS. GEORGE T. SANDERS

All prose and no smiles will make Jacky a dull boy.

I am thinking of you because it is Christmas, and I wish you happiness. And tomorrow, because it will be the day after Christmas, I shall still wish you happiness; and so on clear through the year.
—Henry Van Dyke.

Who comes this way so blithe and gay
Upon this happy Christmas Day
So merrily, so cheerily
With his peaked hat and reindeer sleigh?
With pretty toys for girls and boys
As pretty as you e'er did see,
Oh, this is Santa Claus's man
Kriss Kringle with his Christmas Tree.

Oh, ho! Oh, ho! Ho, ho, ho, ho,
Ho, ho, ho, ho!
Then jingle, jingle, jing, jing, jing
Right merry shall we be.
And jingle, jingle, come Kriss Kringle,
Come with your Christmas Tree;
And welcome, welcome, welcome Kriss,
Right welcome shall you be.

Oh, there he is, yes, yes, 'tis Kriss,
Kriss Kringle with his Christmas Tree



A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

Thanksgiving is over, but O, dearie, dear,
Hardly time for a breath before Christmas is here.
Quick they tear down the holly, they take down
the tree
And keep on moving because can't you see
The New Year's upon us and coming in sight
Is Easter with promise of Summer delight.
Then close after her is the Fourth of July
With a boom and a bang and a flash 'gainst the sky.
Don't think it's all over and rise from your seat,
Here's Thanksgiving again and more turkey to
eat!

I talk with you of foolish things and wise,
Of persons, places, books, desires and aims,
Yet all our words a silence underlies
An earnest, vivid thought that neither names.
Oh, what to us were foolish talk or wise?
Were persons, places, books, desires or aims?
Without that deeper sense that underlies
The sweet encircling thought that neither
names?

—Sophie Jewett.

LOVE, THE ILLUSION.

Love is just a cobweb, wet with morning dew;
Love is just a fairy spell, invisible to view;
A tread—a touch too heavy, and the cobweb is not
there!
A sigh too long, and lo!—the spell has vanished
into air!
Love is just a morning-glory, doomed at noon
to die;
Love is only half a story, told in passing by;

THE SILENT WORKER

Love is gold so delicate, the faintest flame would
melt it;
Love's—NOTHING; but—God help the one
who's never known nor felt it!

An elder was reading and commenting upon the
Thirty-fourth Psalm and the book being printed in
old style, when he came to verse 13 he read "Keep
thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking
guile." He read it "squeaking girls" then remarked
by way of solemn exposition: "It is evident, my
brethren, that the Scripture does not absolutely
forbid kissing but as in christianity, everything is
to be done decently and in order, we are here en-
couraged to choose rather, those girls who take it
quietly, in preference to those that *squeak* under
the operation."

If you want to boil eggs, do not take the shells off.

Scissors and Paste

BY ALVA JEFFORDS.

The Scientific American of recent date is authori-
tary for the following facts about the invention of the
telephone:

"There had been men before Dr. Bell who had
come near finding a way to make female gossip and
masculine commercial intercourse easier. The Reis
patents came nearest success. But in the Reis
patents the currents was intermittent. It had to leap
a gap. Dr. Bell closed that gap. But Dr. Bell was
not trying to invent a telephone when he stumbled
upon his secret. He was working on a method of
making speech visible, for his wife was deaf and
dumb and he was seeking an easy method of conver-
sing with her. Instead he found a method of talk-
ing over a wire to people at a distance. He did not
patent his idea, however, and it knocked about his
house for months. Finally he demonstrated it to
some friends and they saw the possibility of its ap-
plication. Upon their advice he patented the in-
vention. His patent was filed at ten o'clock in the
morning and at three in the afternoon another man
applied for a patent on the same thing and lost a
hundred million dollars by a nose. But Dr. Bell's
device was barely able to transmit speech. Edison
was hired to make it talk. He produced the carbon
transmitter which really made the telephone an
efficient instrument.

A colored clergyman who evidently had some
deaf mutes among his flock is credited with the fol-
lowing observation:

"Bredren," said Parson Black, earnestly, "dere am
some folks in which de still small voice of con-
science keeps a-gettin' stiller an' smaller, until at las'
it'd hab ter larn de deaf an' dumb langwidge if it
wants ter attract dir attention!"

Odd facts will bob up in every line of business,
trade or profession. Here is one in our line: It
is uniformly agreed among expert judges of real
estate that the west side of a city street is more
valuable as property than the East side. This may
be accounted for by the fact that shoppers make
their rounds mainly in the afternoon and like to be
on the shady side of the street.

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places: "Gentlemen will not smoke here; others
not."

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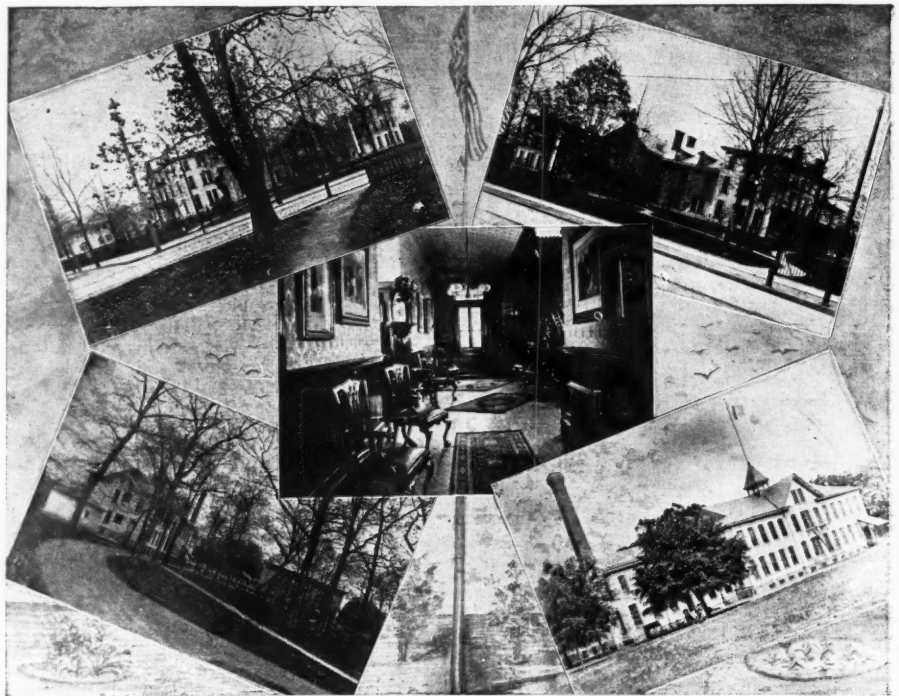
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